

A Discount of 15 Per Cent

will be given on all Holiday goods bought for cash between Dec. 26th, 1912, and Jan. 4th, 1913.

This discount includes manicure sets, military sets, china, cut glass, games, toys, dolls, express wagons, sleds; in fact everything in the holiday line.

Candy in less than one pound lots regular price.

H. J. DICKSON,

General Merchant Phone 13 CANFIELD, O.

PLAYED ON MEN'S CUPIDITY

Polish Jews Had Really Neat Fraudulent Scheme Which They Employed for Years.

There was a certain engaging novelty in the swindle practiced successfully for many years by four Polish Jews, who have recently been caught by the Parisian police. They worked on the cupid of their victims in view of the desire that most people cherish of getting something for nothing.

The four swindlers first marked their man with care. They then approached him with the alluring suggestion that he should join them in the manufacture of banknotes by an electrical process of their own invention. The thing was simplicity itself. All one had to do was to place two two-pound notes—the dupe's, of course—in a square box, and a sheet of blank paper between them. After a suitable interval for incubation—twenty-four hours as a rule—the box was solemnly opened in the presence of the dupe, and "Hey, presto!" there were not two, but three banknotes.

To the dupe, of course, it appeared a royal road to riches, and he was easily induced to contribute a couple of 40-pound banknotes to his benefactors so as to have them subjected to the same clandestine process. Needless to say he saw neither notes nor box nor Poles again. The whole trick was worked by a false bottom and clever sleight of hand. Sooner or later it was bound to happen. The four swindlers made a little mistake in physiognomy or psychology, and fell upon a man who was both shrewd and honest, with the result that they are now in the hands of the police.

Questioned by M. Guichard, they at first pretended to be entirely ignorant of French. The magistrate had to resort to a Machiavellian stratagem. Having discovered two banknotes at the bottom of the magic box, he turned suddenly to the prisoners and demanded, "To whom do these belong?" "They're mine, sir," replied the quartette with one voice and in excellent French.

Wicked Imagination. Proverbs says one of the six things that is an abomination to the Lord is "a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations." It is also an abomination to everybody. And there is much of it going on. Some people seem to enjoy the fancy that a certain person is living a mean and deceitful life. No fact back of it; nothing but a dislike or low suspicion. When a person can harbor such imaginings he himself is guiltier than the one he suspects.

When a man's heart gets to breeding suspicions, all noble emotions are excluded. It would be ten times better that he thought well of a man, even if he were mistaken than to think ill of him, even if he were not. These wicked imaginings are mean things to have in a man's heart, even if there is some warrant for them, for they spoil the tenderest and sweetest sentiments. No, no; a man wants a clean, open heart all the time; he wants the sunlit breezes to blow through and freshen it up and kill off the wild and poisonous vermin that get in there.

That is the better life. We don't want men coming to us with their hearts full of venom and spurring it into our face.—Ohio State Journal.

Making a Luxury of Sorrow. The happiest and the best of us have "fits of the blues" once in awhile. Sometimes we make a luxury of sorrow; we pet and nurse and dandle the real or supposed affliction and make it our coddled darling, our spoiled child.

We actually resent the efforts of any one to clear away the fog and show us that the sun is shining and that if we are blue, so is the sky.

When we have "the blues" we are as anxious to be let alone as a traveler drowsily perishing in a snow-bank.

Yet if we had the courage every time the spell came on us we would sit down, as Robinson Crusoe did, and put in parallel columns our reasons for joy and our causes for weeping. And then we would find how far the first overlapped the second.

When we feel "blue," if we look hard, we will discover nothing there but the dreary, melancholy color. If we would look up we would see that it isn't the world that is blue; it is only the sky.

If we must have "the blues" let us have the heavenly blues.

Winter Quiet in Yukon Valley. There are no blizzards in the Yukon valley in winter, and there is little wind. Snow about two feet deep covers everything from early October till spring.

The New Year

For a long time—longer, possibly, than most of us would care to admit—at regular intervals a new year has come to us, unchallenged and unknown, and taken complete charge of all our affairs.

The New Year is always an inexperienced youth. He brings with him no previous character. He carries no references nor recommendations. He just comes, takes charge of everything with unblinking forehead, and runs it to suit himself, without consulting our comfort or wishes in the slightest degree.

The effrontery of such a proceeding is apparent on its face. But why we should stand it is quite another matter.

Youth, of course, should always command our undiminished respect. So far as this racially little youngster himself is concerned, we take off our hats to him. We greet him heartily. We admire his robustness, his rollicking figure, his air of en-



thusiasm and his evident ambition to excel. At the same time, all of us know by previous experience that he is bound to prove incompetent. We have been fooled so many times before that we really ought to be ashamed of ourselves now if we should attempt to expect anything different.

Perhaps it is some inherent defect in us, however, that we do go on expecting it, and greet him always with such unfailing clamor, ringing bells over his advent, and generally conducting ourselves just as if we didn't even suspect that we were going to be fooled once more.

The worst of the matter is that he himself doesn't know or realize his thorough incompetence. He actually believes in himself, really and honestly believes that he has a mission in life.

Maybe, after all, it is just the feeling of kindness toward him on our part which makes us loath to deceive him; which, out of courtesy and true politeness, makes us pretend that we like him just because we don't want him to know the truth about himself too soon.

He will find that out later on, of course. He will have certain moments of humility and discouragement himself, when he will come to weep with us over the mistakes he is making and we are making. He will come also to attain some measure of contrition over the sorry trick he has, perhaps innocently enough, played on us. And no doubt also he will be of some service to us. His cruelties may harden our fibre; his very insincerities may help to deepen our sympathies.

But, after all, when all is said and done, the most that we may hope to do with him is to steal an hour, or so occasionally, when he is off his guard, and insist upon his dropping things and having a good time with us; insist for the time in forgetting responsibilities and other deterrent influences on our spirits. Let us take these moments when we can, to make merry with this companion whom Fate has thrust upon us, and, if, during the rest of the time, he is forbidding, stern, unyielding and even revengeful, for some fancied wrong that we have done him, let us take comfort in the thought that he is only an impostor after all, and that in the end we shall triumph over him.—Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

The Brute. "Why is she so furiously angry at him?" "She threatened to leave him and he offered to button her gown."

HAPPY NEW YEAR



We wish you all a glad New Year, We hope you will be good, And try to do, in everything, Exactly as you should.

Remember that the year is young, And innocent and new— Just think if he should learn all sorts Of wickedness from you!

Gifts for the New Year.

If all love's gifts of grace or power Lay spread before my choice this hour

What should I claim as life's best dower?

Dear God, how should I know?

Unfailing love, from sun to sun?

Unfailing wealth, in honor won?

Unfailing health—all gifts in one?

Nay; all of these may go.

For love, that comes our lives to bless,

Must evermore be counted less

In grace, and might and tenderness,

Than gifts that from us flow.

And health the tender soul may drain

Of power to share the sufferer's pain,

And strength is weakness, power is vain.

That soothes no human woe.

And wealth of treasure, land or gold,

Is only sweet to have and hold

To those whose mercies manifold

In ceaseless gifts o'erflow.

So, from the dazzling, tempting three

How can I choose? Choose Thou for me.

Give or withhold, but let me be

Content God's will to know.

Give love until I love outpour—

Give pain, that those whose hearts are sore

May feel for them I suffer more

Than for my own small woe.

Give wealth, but not for selfish greed—

Wealth for the sad world's pain and need;

Give Thou Thyself, then, rich indeed,

All else may come or go.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Washington Home Magazine.

The Year's End.

Full happy is the man who comes at last

Into the safe completion of his year;

Weathered the perils of his spring, that blast

How many blossoms promising and dear!

And of his summer, with dread passions fraught,

That oft, like fire through the ripening corn,

Blight all with mocking death and leave distraught

Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste forlorn

But now, though autumn gave but harvest slight,

Oh, grateful is he to the powers above

For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened night

By hearth-side genial with the warmth of love.

Through silvered days of vistas gold and green

Contentedly he glides away, serene.

—Timothy Cole in The Century.

Welsh Rabbit No. 2.

Put one tablespoonful of butter in the blazer, adding half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one-quarter cupful of beer. When the butter is melted add one pound of soft American cheese, which has been cut into small dice, stir constantly as the cheese melts and add as much more beer as needed to make the cheese smooth, about half a cupful in all. When the cheese is all melted, and about as thick as thick cream, turn it at once over toast or wafers.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale and sickly. For pure blood, sound digestion, use Burdock Blood Bitters. \$1.00 at all stores.—Adv.

Their Peculiarity.

"Fine speaker, eh?"

"And yet his wife says she has never heard him make a speech."

"Wives are rarely listeners."—Houson Post.

Read Harp of Various Things Column

The CNOLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The DRUMSTICK and the HEART



Thanksgiving day—in a boarding house! I know they'll do their best; But somehow or other the things to eat Will not have half the zest They had for me in the days gone by When my own especial part Of the feast bird which graced the board Was the drumstick and the heart.

I can shut my eyes and see it yet— The table snowy white, With jellies and pickles and rich preserves

Home-made—they tasted right! And the turkey, browned to a perfect tint

By the home-folks' kitchen art, And a boy—that was me—who was clamoring

For the drumstick and the heart.

And pumpkin pies—not the present kind That they serve in a narrow slice, But two inches thick, and quartered fair, And tingling sweet with spice,

But first of all you would bow your head For the blessing—then you'd start To eat, by way of expressing thanks For the drumstick and the heart.

Gravy, too, that was rich as gold, I don't see how we could eat it all, And still have room for pie.

And always, when I would pass my plate At the Thanksgiving dinner's start, It came back to me, and it's load would be

The drumstick and the heart.

Thanksgiving day—in a boarding house! But I know 'twill be a spread, Done to a turn and served in style From turkey down to bread;

And I will enjoy it perfectly If the memory does not start Back to the days when I secured

The drumstick and the heart.

A fellow ought to give thanks, perhaps, That he has a place to eat. But still, he can't help wishing that He could only above his feet

Under the table at home again, And eat from "trust" to tart. As he used to do when he always got

The drumstick and the heart.

More Blushes.

Hand in hand the swain and his ladylove walked beneath the noble trees of the forest.

It was autumn, and the soft scent of the woodlands was an incense to them, while the vagrant breezes did marvels with the lustrous locks of the lady.

"I wonder," she sighed, looking up at the foliage, "what makes the leaves so red?"

Now, the swain was blessed with the soul of a poet, so he made reply:

"They but blush in memory of the kiss I gave you beneath them last summer."

And the woman, being a coy young thing, and given to dissimulation, but of a resourceful mind, smiled:

"I think they would be prettier were they a deeper shade of red."

May Be There.

"What wild animals are found found north of the Arctic circle?" asked the teacher.

The class seemed in woeful ignorance on this point.

"Why, do none of you know?" she asked. "Can't you think of one, even?"

The pole—"The pole cat!" shouted the class in unison.

Greatest Yet.

"What," we ask the librarian, "do you suppose is the greatest library book in the world—the book that is in most demand?"

"Carnegie's bank book," he responds confidently, without looking up from his work.

Not the Ahoy.

"Ship ahoy, what ship is that?" came floating over the waves.

"That man is deceiving us," announced the wise young lady. "He says his ship is the Ahoy, and I can see from here that her name is the Mary Ann."

Wrong Blend.

"Strange," murmurs the analytical man, "I drank nothing last night except red-eye and absinthe, yet I have a brown taste this morning. And red and green do not combine to form that tint at all."

Burned the Wind.

"Sam, were you in that riot last night?" "Yassir." "Did you run like the wind, Sam?" "No, sir. I didn't run like the wind, I died I didn't. But I passed two algers that was running like the wind."—Argonaut.

He Knew.

"What happens," shouted the candidate, "when you put the almighty dollar before the man?" "The man goes after it," answered the old farmer in the front row.

A FAIR WARNING

One That Should Be Heeded by Canfield Residents

Frequently the first sign of kidney trouble is a slight ache or pain in the loins. Neglect of this warning makes the way easy for more serious troubles—dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease. 'Tis well to pay attention to the first sign. Weak kidneys generally grow weaker and delay is often dangerous. Residents of this locality place reliance in Doan's Kidney Pills. This tested remedy has been used in kidney trouble over 50 years—is recommended all over the civilized world. Read the following.

George Dunning, Canfield, Ohio, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in my family and they have never failed to do good work. I suffered from pains through my back and sides and got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. At once I began to feel better and in a short time was cured. I am glad to recommend this good remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 60 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

You Cannot Know

That all those who have owned or claimed to own your farm, were Always HONEST, and Always RIGHT, and Always CAREFUL, and know that your purchaser will be equally well posted and as easily satisfied, consequently You Need a Policy of Title Insurance NOW to protect you for all time against the possible frauds, forgeries, negligences, or mistakes of some of those through whom you claim title.

You Pay Us But Once

You are repaid all the time by the saving of worry, time and money. We fight the lawsuits, settle the claims. Our booklet "The Modern Method in Land Titles" will open your eyes. Ask for it.



Both Phones 1199 Youngstown, Ohio

Mail Orders Carefully Filled Same Day Received

McKelvey's THE BIG STORE

Special Conveniences for out-of-town Patrons

OUR JANUARY Clearance Sale

STARTS FRIDAY, JANUARY 3

Immense Quantities of High Grade, Seasonable Merchandise Will be Sold at Savings Averaging 1-4 to 1-2 of Regular Value.

This sale coming directly before our Semi-Annual inventory is the outlet for excess stocks and broken assortments which cannot be listed on our new stock sheets, February 1st.

Inventory must find stocks at the minimum and where overstocks appear, price cutting will be deepest. It is also in accordance with our custom of not carrying merchandise from one season to another. Every kind of attire for man, woman or child as well as every class of homefurnishings from pianos down.

An economy event that should have the consideration of every person in the Mahoning and Shenango Valleys, who has needs to supply regardless of how small they may be.

Come prepared to spend the entire day. Friday, January 3rd.

The G. M. McKelvey Co.

Youngstown, Ohio

The Mahoning Dispatch, Jan. 3

With No Taxes to Pay

Our securities are safe and pay at current prices almost 7 per cent. Unlike municipal bonds under the new constitution they are tax free and the interest checks come regularly in the mail, no waiting on interest, no foreclosures. Ready sale if money is needed.



Youngstown, Ohio

Both Phones 1199

This Just to Remind You

We have Gas Heating Stoves and Gas Ranges that are first class. We are selling a great many, and if we do not have the style in stock you wish we will get it. Pick one out in time. If the Gas fixtures we carry are not what you are looking for we have a wholesale house in Youngstown where you can step in and see as fine a line as there is anywhere. And we will guarantee you your fixtures at least 5 per cent. less than you can buy elsewhere. We can and will save you money on your piping. Come in and see us.

The Manchester Company,

Canfield, Ohio